



MOTHER on the brain.

Air : The Bonnie Blue Flag. By John C. Cross.

As you look on the songs that you see now-a-days,
The gentle words of Mother will sure meet your gaze :
" Who will care for Mother now ? " if I'm numbered
" Oh ! bless me, Mother, ere I die " with the slain ;
on the brain.

" Courage, Mother, I am going ; " " Mother, I've
come home to eat ; "
" Just before the battle, Mother, " I was lying in
the street ;
" I cannot call her Mother : " " The ring my Mother
wore " was plain ;
" Dear Mother, I've come home to die, " with
Mother on the brain.

" What is home without a Mother ? " " It was my
Mother's voice ; "
" Sing me to sleep, my Mother ; " I feel I'm growing
worse ;
" Be quiet, do, I'll call my Mother ; " Mother's
coming in the rain ;
" Let me kiss him for his Mother : " with Mother
on the brain.

" It was my Mother's customs, " " My gentle
Mother dear ; "
" I was my Mother's darling ; " for, I loved my
lager beer.
" Kiss me good-night, Mother, " and bring me a
Bourbon plain—
" Mother dear, I feel I'm dying, " with Mother
on the brain.

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